If euer he haue wife let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Cherſey* with your holy load
Taken from *Pauls* to be in interred there:
And ſtill as you are weary of the waight, *Enter*
Reſt you whiles I lament King *Henries* corſe. *Gloceſter.*
Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe.
La. What blacke Magitian,coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds:
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a corſe of him that diſobeyes?
Gen, Stand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmannerly dog, ſtandſt thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my breaſt,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldneſſe.
La. What do you tremble,are you all affraid?
Alaſſe,I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou fearefull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall body,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell,for Gods ſake hence,and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell,
Fil'd it with curſing cryes,and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hanious deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afreſh,
Bluſh,bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy preſence that exhals this blood,
From cold and empty veines where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall,
Oh God, which this blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkſt,reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murderer dead,
Or

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him qu
As thou didſt ſwallow vp this good Kings b
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butche
Glo. Lady,you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad, bleſſings for cu
La. Villanne, thou knoweſt no law of Go
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am n
La. Oh wonderfull when diuels tell the t
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are ſo
Vouchſafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue mee leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquit my ſelfe.
La. Vouchſafe defuſed infection of a ma
For theſe knowne euils, but to giue mee lea
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, I
Some patient leaſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, tho
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſhould accuſe my
L. And by diſpairing ſhouldſt thou ſtand e
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe
Which didſt, vnworthy ſlaughter vpon othe
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diueliſh ſlaue by the
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then hee is aliue.
Glo. Nay he is dead and ſlaine by *Edwards*
La. In thy foule throat thou lieſt. Queene
Thy bloody faulchion ſmooking in his bloo
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her
But that my brother beat aſide the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlanderous to
Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltneſſe ſhou
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloody m
Which neuer dreamt on ought, but butchery
Didſt thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I gran